

## Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Alexander Melville Bell, Eliza Symonds Bell, Carrie Bell, June 22, 1873, with transcript

3rd copy Copy of a letter written by Alexander Graham Bell to his parents and Carrie. 35 West Newton Street, Boston, June 22, 1873. Dear Papa, Mama and Carrie:

Days come and go in dreary monotony — and I long for home. No rest from those terrible scourges of my life — I am sick of everything. I have dismissed all my private pupils and only continue with the teachers and Georgie.

Dear little Georgie is quite a consolation to me. I wish I could have him with me all the time.

My mind has evidently too wrapped up in one subject — I have just hired a piano — and I hope that the relaxation of playing occasionally may do me good.

I would come home now but for Mrs. Mitchell and the Buffalo teachers. The Buffalo Institution sent two teachers here a fortnight ago and the Committee of the Boston School have made a second appropriation of \$150 to employ me to give further instruction to their teachers for one month.

As all these pupils go together it is comparatively light work for me.

I do not see how I can well give up before the 22nd of July and I must drag on till then.

I have accepted the position Prof. Nonroe offers me in the Boston University. My special Department being “The Mechanism of Articulation” — including the culture of the voice. I hope to arrange to have the use of rooms in connection with the University 2 for my

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Articulation teachers who may be studying with me and my “Normal Class for Articulation Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb,” will be advertised with the University courses of lectures.

Many, many thanks for your letters and suggestions — I trust that there is no need for my entirely relinquishing work here at present, especially as I have to pay my rent whether I am here or not.

But for the strange way my head is affected — I would be pretty well.

I trust that Mr. Coates is well and acquiring control over the Instrument of Speech. I should be pleased to see him if he comes to Boston.

Do not think me ungrateful in writing so seldom. I don't know how it is — when I want to say so much — and have so much to say I cannot collect my thoughts.

With much love, Aleck. I see Miss Fuller every day now, and she desires kindest remembrances. AGB.